

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

VOL. VIII—NO. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 187.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY CHARLES M. CHASE.

AT SHEKMAN'S BUILDING,
North East corner Clay and Montgomery streets.

TERMS FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH.

THE FIREMAN'S JOURNAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE is published every Saturday morning, and served to City Subscribers at Fifty Cents per month, payable to the Carriers. It will also be mailed for six months for \$3.00 or \$5.00 a year payable invariably in advance.

Communications, connected with the Editorial department, to be addressed to the editor, post paid—on business to the Publishers.

Attention whatever will be paid to anonymous communications. Any person wishing articles published in the "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author. The "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author. The "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author.

Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates, and at the shortest notice. Descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

The Ocean Telegraph.

GEN. J. ARLINGTON BENNETT.

The element of all existing things Partakes the nature of from what it springs; An axiom true that man dare not deny, And if he should, can't give the reason why. That man exists all his sensations tell; That thought exists is evidenced as well; That mind exists is proven by its power; That God exists is seen in every flower! The element of God is then in man— His body, soul and mind in God began; And thus partaking of the Godlike kind, Exerts a portion of the Almighty mind In combinations of material things. To give the lightning more than scorching wings! Subjects the elements to man's own will, And says to potent steam, "Thou must be still; Let motion cease till we perform our part; We raised your power and lay it by our art." Through ocean's depths men talk to men at last, Surpassing every feat in ages past!

The vestibule of man's immortal mind Is now but centered by the human kind; Our motive powers on land and water show That man's a finite god placed here below! 'Tis but begun, man through the heavens will steer His well-poised boat, as now he does it here; And nation linked with nation (yet by steam,) Will each salute in peace its king or queen, Or president, like James Buchanan—then Man shall behold the victory of the pen. We have a field for exercise just now, 'Tis large, and good, and fertile all allow; As greater wonders must ere long be wrought By human genius where the mind is free, In this our glorious land of liberty.

A Rat in the Cars—A Fat Woman in Trouble.

A day or two since, just after the express train left Stamford, where it had been delayed a few minutes to wood and water, a rat ran from one corner of the car amidst the feet of the passengers. As soon as it was known that there was a rat on the floor of the car, considerable excitement took place among the ladies, and crinolines began to rise. The passengers struck at the rat, as he dodged from one side of the car to the other, with their canes and umbrellas, without any effect—the old rat successfully avoiding all the kicks and thrusts and disappeared under the seat of a fat woman, who sat at one end of the car, and who was half asleep.

A "committee of one" (self-appointed,) backed up by half a dozen "full grown boys," suggested to the fat lady the propriety of rising, to enable them to find the rat. Now it is no easy matter for a two hundred and fifty pounder, encumbered by a huge mass of crinolines, to rise at a moment's notice, therefore she declined. She was duly informed of the state of affairs, and of the critical position she occupied in the eyes of the public at that moment. Again she was requested to rise, but she positively refused—like certain distinguished politicians, she seemed determined to maintain her position till a broader and more comprehensible platform was found. Various suggestions as to the rat's whereabouts were made by "the boys" in audible whispers, which made the fat woman

"Blush like a full blown rose," and to get her eyes open.

Many of the passengers seemed to have an idea of their own, which was quite amusing—lips were compressed—cheeks expanded—teeth, worth from twenty-five dollars to untold treasures, were exhibited—

"There was silence deep as death, And the boldest held his breath 'For a time.'"

But that time was decidedly short, for at this point the lady in question gave a roll, which made the car fairly groan, one or two spasmodic kicks, the two hundred and fifty pounder shot out of her seat like a skyrocket, upsetting babies and bandboxes, crushing crinolines and beavers, landing about six feet from her seat upon a little old man, whom she nearly smothered, besides knocking off his wig, and otherwise disarranging his toilet; upon which he remarked to himself, that she had better "simmer down and join the circus."

After vigorously shaking her dress, amidst the laughter of the passengers, she regained her seat, and the mass of huge crinolines commenced to settle to its proper place, and quiet was once more restored, when one of the "boys," whose misanthropy must be somewhat largely developed, burst out into a "horse laugh." The effect was like a spark in a magazine—the whole car exploded, and the fat woman joined in, and laughed as heartily as the merriest. Her jolly old sides shook up and down, and the car springs vibrated, keeping exact time. But what became of the rat, is a question.—*Hartford Times.*

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for property. "Will you take this woman to be your lawful wife?" said the minister. "Yis, your reverence, and the nagurs, too," said Pat.

The Widow's Stratagem.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Centreville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp look out for the main chance, a peculiarity from which even deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helpmate to share his house and name. But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him, in some measure, a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity.

Unhappily, the little village of Centreville and the towns in the immediate vicinity contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of these there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that years passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all human probability likely to remain so. But in all human calculations of this kind they reckon ill who leave widows out.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow.

The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than Deacon Bancroft. She was as buxom, comely, as widows are apt to be. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small, old-fashioned house in which she resided, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her, and a little son of seven, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take two or three boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which, of course, imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

It is surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then have bethought herself of a second marriage to better her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, in her reflections on this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her next neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief personages in the village, could afford her a comfortable social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression on the female heart—this was true—but he was of a good disposition, kind-hearted, and would no doubt make a very good sort of husband.

Widows are, I take it, (if any shall do me the honor to read this story, I trust they will forgive the remark,) less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second alliance than a first, and so, in a widow's point of view, Deacon Bancroft was a very desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered; for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive was thus brought to bear upon him.

Here was a chance for finessing, wherein widows are said, as a general thing, to be expert. One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, the widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting-room, with her feet resting on the fender.

"If ever I am so situated as not to have to work so hard, I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as Deacon Bancroft."

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by and by her face brightened up. She had an idea which was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's as you go to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

"And the one who had formerly owned the house couldn't come and claim it, could he, Deacon?" inquired the widow further, with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, unquestionably not; when the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course."

"I am glad to hear it, Deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the deacon, abstractedly.

"And, Deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon, rising "I'm obliged to you, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince-pie from the oven, "you won't object to take a piece of mince-pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on my mince-pies."

The warm pie sent such a delicious odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "on the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after a little chattering upon unimportant subjects, he withdrew in some mental perplexity.

"Was it possible," thought he, "that the widow could have found a pot of gold in her cellar?" She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found, if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who had occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only "curiosity," likewise gave additional probability to the supposition.

"I will wait and watch," thought the deacon. It so happened that Deacon Bancroft was one of the directors in a saving institution, situated in the town, and accordingly used to ride over once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board.

On the next occasion of this kind, the widow Wells sent over to know if he could carry her over with him, as she had a little business to attend to there.

The request was readily acceded. Arriving at the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank.

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had with the bank.

The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

"Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she inquired.

"With pleasure," said the bank, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as—five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier, with some surprise; "or rather we don't allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Do you know of any one who—"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow hurriedly, "I only ask for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as came within your limit?"

"Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you; I only ask for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!"

And the widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards the deacon entered.

"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" he inquired.

"About as usual."

"How many deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a lady this morning who appeared to have business with you."

"The widow Wells?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," asked the cashier, "whether she had any money left her lately?"

"None that I know of," said the deacon, pricking up his ears. "Why did she deposit any?"

"No, but she inquired whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars."

The Human Sacrifice! OR, THE APOSTATE'S DOOM.

Two English captains—one of middle age, the other about thirty—were standing upon the corner of El-Ara street, in the western part of Algiers, engaged in conversation.

"They were not only dressed as slaves, but the master of each was smoking his chibouk in the door of a vanda at no great distance, and quietly contemplating their dejected figures."

"I cannot endure this sort of thing much longer," the younger of the two said, in a despairing voice. "For ten years I have waited to be ransomed by our government, only to be disappointed again and again, as often as the periodical ransoming occurs. A large number of those who have been made captives by the Algerines since I was, have been released, while I seem destined to never attract the notice of our consuls and consular agents. I have written repeatedly, besides often sending word by Tarek, my master, but all my communications have not attracted the least official notice of my situation."

"Yours is, indeed, a gallant lot."

"Galling? I tell you what I will do if I am not redeemed in the next party—I will abjure my religion and nation, swearing eternal enmity to the one and the other! I will take a Moorish name and become a Mahometan in profession and practice—thereby acquiring my liberty and a post of some importance in the Algerine army or navy, to say nothing of the social advantages I shall gain. Tarek, long ago, offered me his daughter, the beautiful Arletta, to be my wife, if I would only renounce the Christianisms in which I have been educated, and the time has come when I see no virtue in refusal. This one time more I will bid the action of our government, and if nothing is done for my benefit, I will endeavor to help myself."

"But, think of the terrible character of the act you propose to perform. To renounce one's religion and country—"

"I am fully aware of everything you can say on that point. I realize that the resolve is a fearful one, but the recollection of ten years of shame and suffering will enable me to fulfill it."

"And I will imitate your example!"

The masters of the two slaves now made their appearance, and beckoned them to attend them to their respective dwellings.

Mr. Marsdon, the captive whose terrible resolve we have recorded, was seated, a few hours later, in the presence of Tarek's lovely daughter, Arletta.

"Is it, indeed, such a pleasure for you to be assured that I love you?" asked the maiden, in a voice of sweetest melody; "and it is my supreme happiness to be by your side, looking into your eyes, gazing upon your features and form, and listening to your words. Why should you longer refuse to become one of my nation, and to acquire the rights and privileges from which it pains me to see you debarred? My father has said that he would then have no objections to our union; and oh, Roger, if you really loved me—"

"Loved you! cruel Arletta! You are dearer to me than existence itself—the only solace which has enabled me to bear the wretched life which has so long been my portion!"

"Then why not?"

"Depend upon it, dearest," interrupted the captive, "I will! I wait the bitterness and mockery of only one more effort, and then I shall avail myself of every circumstance which can effect a change for the better in my condition. With thee, oh, beautiful Arletta, I can yet be truly blessed!"

"He pressed her graceful figure to his heart, and continued gazing upon her loveliness, while she returned his glances with looks of unutterable love and devotion."

The master suddenly entered the apartment. "Your conquer, my dear Marsdon," said he, "has finally arrived. From this moment you are a freeman—extending the paper."

"You cannot read it?" queried Marsdon, controlled by a dread suspicion.

"Allah be praised—no!" was the reply.

"Why should I read the barbarous languages of the infidels?"

As he received and glanced at the document, the features of the captive had flushed with excitement, but they became pale as he read the few words the letter contained.

"It is merely," he said, controlling his emotion, "a reply to my last appeal to the consul, stating that nothing can be done for me this season!"

He crumpled the note in his hands and turned to Arletta for consolation, while the Moor hastened away, muttering a long string of curses in Arabic against England and the English, which, for confusion and variety, might have confounded a bull-frog camp-meeting.

The two captives had solemnly renounced, before a vast assemblage in the great mosque, their nation and religion.

Marsdon had received the reward of this proceeding by becoming the husband of Arletta and the son-in-law of the gruff old Moor.

The fellow captive of Marsdon had not received the rewards he expected, nor even those which had been promised.

Filled with a furious anger, and giving way to the bitterness and despair which took possession of his heart, this latter person had publicly abjured his newly-acquired Mahometanism, as well as his sworn allegiance to the Algerian powers. He had consequently been arrested and tried by two authorities, one civil and the other ecclesiastical, and condemned by both to receive the usual punishment of apostasy at the period of which we are writing, to be burnt alive.

In pursuance of this sentence, an hour had been appointed for this ceremony, and this hour had arrived.

In the centre of the square of Al-Mansour was erected a funeral pile of wood and other combustible materials, and on this pile was laying, bound from head to foot, the form of the apostate.

Marsdon and all of his friends had been enjoining before the Pacha, praying for the pardon of the doomed man, but their demand had not been acceded to.

At precisely the hour announced, the funeral pile was set on fire, and the apostate was quickly consumed to ashes.

Marsdon was present, notwithstanding the agony he endured in seeing his friend thus perish. He returned home with a very poor opinion of the government and religion of which he had become a supporter, defender and disciple.

An instant later Marsdon was free, and the officer conducted him to Arletta, who clasped him in her arms.

"Your friend perished," said the muffled figure, "because of a previous crime. You are spared because of your present merit!"

A loud shout of joy arose from the spectators, and it was redoubled when they saw that Tarek was also given his freedom.

"Live," continued the muffled figure. "From this day, Marsdon, thou art the Governor of El Shishir, and thou, Tarek, art grand chamberlain of the household of his highness. You have been tried in the fire, or rather in its vicinity, and found to be merely human; you can therefore be influenced by reasons and arguments suited to your kind. His highness wishes you all happiness, and so do I, Bismillah!"

The crowd of officers and citizens dispersed, while Marsdon, his wife and her father, quietly wended their way to their house, which had grown considerably in their absence, besides having been carefully rejuvenated from top to bottom. A messenger soon arrived from the Pacha, with commissions, informations, and our funds, and our friends were more so happy as any one else in Algiers.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

ROYAL ROWS.—It is said that the object of Queen Victoria's visit to Prussia, was to try the influence of her presence in appeasing the storms that have disturbed the domestic peace of the young couple united but eight months ago! These conjugal riffs are not merely light breezes that create a momentary ripple on the face of the waters, but perfect hurricanes, scattering destruction and ruin. It is said the young Prince, who had as it was formerly reported, been as long in love with the English Princess for two years before he married as though he had a right to make a love-match, now carries his antipathy to as great an extreme—the quarrels they have together are so fierce that the Princess is said to have complained to her mother of personal ill-treatment. Their reports, although discredited in some quarters, may have too much foundation in truth. The Princess of England, when a child, was noted for a spirit of obstinacy and contradiction of no ordinary stamp. There used to be a little anecdote extant that fully illustrated the position. She was reprimanded one day by the Queen for addressing Mr. Brown, the apothecary to the royal family, without the title Mr. The Princess took no notice of the reproof, but continued to do so, on which her mother told her it she again did it, she should be sent to bed. The next time the apothecary made his appearance in the nursery, the Princess, said, "Good morning, Brown, and good evening, too, Brown, for I'm going to bed, Brown!" This is very childish, but shows what was the natural temper of little Miss Absolute—and very probably she has not lost it.

A DOG BLOWING A MAN'S BRAINS OUT.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following: S. J. John, furniture dealer, 23 East Fourth Street, residing near College Hill, arose, and opening the front door, and seeing a hawk flying about the barn, he called a servant girl, the only person about the house to bring him his gun, which she did. Having asked her if it was loaded, she said she thought not, when he requested her to go to his room, and get a box of percussion caps. During the girl's absence, he raised the hammer of a favorite dog came bounding towards Mr. J., his paw striking the trigger just as the weapon was raised to his face. The gun which was loaded, with a cap on the tube, was discharged, the shot tearing off a portion of his skull and dashing out his brains. The girl screamed and large numbers of persons came rushing to the spot. The unfortunate man lay dead upon the floor, his head and shoulders being across the threshold; the blood was streaming from his mangled face and head, and clotted masses of brain were dripping in splashes from the ceiling to the floor.

THE HIGHLANDER AND THE EMPEROR.—It is well known that of all the troops engaged in the battle of Waterloo, none won such golden opinions from every one as the Highlanders. It was the same during the occupation of Paris by the allied armies in 1815. They were decidedly the most martial looking of all the military varieties present on that occasion, and their high character was figures. A story was current, and which was true, that the Emperor Alexander requested that a picked Highlander, in full garb, might pay him a visit. Col. Dick selected a sergeant of superb bearing, who had been on three foreign campaigns. The Emperor offered him his hand, but the Highlander could scarcely be persuaded to accept the honor. The grand dukes paid the handsomest compliments and shook hands with him repeatedly.

DURING the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him: "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied that "one way they ran up stairs but the other way they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes and then took a look at the ceiling.

A Frenchman built a four story brick house adjoining his Dutch neighbor's two story house. Being on the roofs of their respective houses one day, the one on the low house cried out to the other: "What for you build so high up there?" To which the Frenchman replied: "De ground up here been very cheap."

Bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a celebration: "The ladies—sweet birds in the garden of life."

THE VOICE OF TERAK WAS ALSO HEARD DENOUNCING the whole proceedings.

In the midst of all the attendant noise and confusion, and just as the flames were about to be applied to the funeral pile, the muffled figure made a sign to the officer charged with the execution.

An instant later Marsdon was free, and the officer conducted him to Arletta, who clasped him in her arms.

"Your friend perished," said the muffled figure, "because of a previous crime. You are spared because of your present merit!"

